



I AM THE PRICE SYSTEM
AND
THE CULTURE OF ABUNDANCE

TECHNOCRACY
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The scientists, technologists, and engineers of this Continent are the general staff of the Technate of America, whether they like it or not. By their work ye shall know them, and the technicians of all branches have produced the works that are bringing about the demise af the Price System. This Continent's rendezvous with destiny ironically prescribes that this scientific minority will become the substance and the framework of the majority. It will be the nucleus around which the mass movement of this Continent will consolidate its forces for the integration of this Continent into one geographical entity—one Contintental control, one technological organism, one country, one people—one and indivisible.

—Howard Scott

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I AM THE PRICE SYSTEM

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Everybody knows the Price System. We all have dealings with it every day of our lives, from birth to death, and there is no escaping it this side of the River Styx. It dictates nearly everything we do and controls almost everything we use except the air we breathe. The only reason it can't interfere there is because air is abundant. Here is its autobiography, written by the old miser himself.

Always With You

IHAVE existed since the beginning of social life yet few men recognize my fundamental characteristics. With the exception of some minor civilizations here and there, I am the only type of Social System that has ever existed. I was conceived in Human Toil and Scarcity and dedicated to Profit and Waste.

Before recorded history began I laid down the foundation of my system in the early tribal life of mankind. In the Ancient World they called me Chattel Slavery. The glory of Greece and the power of Rome was rooted firmly in Human Toil and Scarcity. During that long night of the human mind called the Dark Ages I was known as Fuedalism and Serfdom. In the modern world I am called Capitalism and they even entitle me Democracy in certain nations. Of all the names I have borne, the most misleading of all is that given to me in Russia. There they call me Communism. My name has been changed many times but essentially I have remained the same in all countries and times, except that my techniques have improved.

I am any social system whatsoever that effects its distribution of goods and services by means of any system of trade or commerce based on commodity valuation and employing any form of debt tokens or money.

For uncounted generations I have held sway in every Nation over the bodies and minds of men. Today I still exist all over the world in various stages of development, controlling the production and exchange of goods and services and all the means whereby men live. I am the group expression of man's common urge to live and prosper at the expense of his environment, even including the human components thereof. I am the resulting social system under whose regimentation every man is forced to give as little to society and his fellow man as he can get away with and take back as much as he can get. I am the law of the jungle (eat or be eaten; kill or be killed), projected by mankind into institutional forms. I am the lowest common denominator of the ability, intelligence and necessities of mankind.

Mood of Confession

Early in social life I discovered that values could be determined by the force of human desire and that desire itself was determined by Scarcity. Value and Scarcity are therefore the cornerstones of my system. I dressed them up so that men would not recognize them and baptized them Supply and Demand. In this guise they have befuddled men for ages. I had my economists tell them that Supply and Demand were natural laws and dictated Prices. This took the moral blame off my system and created the impression that nothing could be done about it. Supply and Demand has been a useful myth to my System. Behind its cover I have always restricted the supply and made it a practice never to allow demand a free avenue of expression. Actually, there is no ceiling to supply except ability to produce and no limit to demand except ability to consume. But I cannot afford to let it become generally known that there are no natural laws except physical laws.

After this original discovery, I found it necessary to have more tools to work with. So I invented a promise and called it I Promise to Pay. This has turned out to be a neat device. I Promise to Pay can be neither seen, tasted, heard, felt nor measured. I conjured it out of nothing and planted it in the minds of men. It took root and grew there with lush abundance. I Promise to Pay was the first of a long list of operating devices I invented to facilitate the functioning of my system. They were all conjured out of nothing, with no basis

in physical laws, yet they have become the Rules of the Game under which my System operates. Next, so that men would not recognize the non-substantial nature of my Promise, I fashioned real tokens to represent it. These I called Money. Since Money is the token of a promise, it is a Debt Token. It has no ultimate reality in itself but only in what it represents, which has no reality at all. Money is the promise of I Promise to Pay, when, as and if. *It is the Nothing you get for Something before you can get Anything.*

It seemed necessary to camouflage the real nature of Money, so I gave it another name called Medium of Exchange. This has a respectable sound and besides that it is actually how Money functions. It is not, however, a medium of distribution as some of my apologists assert. My system, *The Price System*, is not interested in distribution. It functions solely to exchange goods and services on the basis of scarcity determined values for a profit, and any distribution that results is an unavoidable by-product. It became apparent at once that Money functioning as Medium of Exchange possessed certain characteristics useful to my system. It is negotiable, transferable, interest-bearing and can be saved. All this allows it to be traded in, stolen, given or gambled away; and since it is not a measure of anything real and fixed, it can be devalued, revalued and manipulated in countless ways. This variability is necessary to the existence of my system. There must always be a free flow of Medium of Exchange, else the arteries of commerce will dry up. In addition there must also always be an ever present scarcity, else values will collapse and there will be no basis for exchange.

I Have Much To Confess

The way my System is organized it is compulsory for the individual to accumulate as many Debt Tokens as possible or else become a public charge. There are three major compulsions involved. First, because of the negotiability of Medium of Exchange, it constitutes a debt claim against my entire system, or society at large, as my Debt Merchants say. Second, also because of its negotiability, Money can be exchanged for any goods and services available. Third, again because of its negotiability, it constitutes a potential working force which can be hired out at stipulated rates of increment stated in terms of itself, thus increasing in size and power. When used this way, Medium of Exchange is called Capital. Once an accumulation of Debt Tokens has reached the proportions of Capital, it becomes compulsory to keep it out working all the time. Its tendency is to shrink back into the nothing from which it came. It must either increase or die. The purpose involved in my entire system is for the

individual to acquire as many Debt Tokens as possible and thus acquire a larger lien on I Promise to Pay. One must pile up debt claims against his fellowmen faster than they can pile them up against him. One must be either a horse or a rider, a chiseler or a sucker. It's dog eat dog all the way through.

During my checkered career I have performed such a complexity of manipulations with Medium of Exchange that dozens of schools of economists have arisen around my antics. Each one claims his theory of Money is correct. That is why economics can be correctly defined as the study of the pathology of debt. Previous to the invention of Medium of Exchange, my activities had been restricted to direct barter and outright theft. I have never really outgrown these time-tested methods of lightening the suckers' burden. I merely graduated into improved techniques. In these more refined, modern days, whenever a situation calls for primitive methods, I always seize the opportunity to keep in practice. There's nothing like having something solid to fall back upon, should a rainy day come.

I Begin To Feel My Oats

The device of Capital allowed me to put into effect Delayed Exchanges. This opened up a whole new world for expansion. I brought Capital and Delayed Exchanges together in natural wedlock and they begat Debt, Interest, Profits and Waste. These are the four horsemen of the apotheosis of my system. Debt grew up like Milo, getting bigger all the time. His little brother Interest accompanied him wherever he went and always managed to pick up a little something on the way back. Every so often Profits got lost among Delayed Exchanges but Debt and Interest always went out and brought him back. Waste operated everywhere expediting the turnover of Delayed Exchanges and thus helped to maintain Scarcity.

Once when Delayed Exchanges seemed to be turning over too slowly, I brought Waste and Profits together in illicit relations. They begat Cheap Substitutes and Shoddy Goods. Delayed Exchanges turned over much faster after that; and Scarcity became more pronounced. But alas! Debt turned out to be allergic to a natural enemy called Paid in Full. Every once in a while this pest turned up and I was forced to create New Debt. After some experimentation, I devised an improved type of Debt called Long Term Debt. He resisted Paid in Full much better. So with Scarcity, Values, I Promise To Pay, Medium of Exchange, Capital, Delayed Exchanges, Interest, Long Term Debt, Profits and Waste, I was almost all set for a successful and endless career.

Jungle Law Comes To The Jungle

There remained two things to do. I had to have an institutionalized social structure, superimposed upon these operating characteristics so as to consolidate my gains and maintain law and order. Also it was necessary to camouflage it so that men would take it for everything else but what it actually is. How successful this effort has been only a thermodynamic interpretation of history will reveal. Radicals, liberals, moralists and humanitarians have tinkered with my superimposed social structure for ages without altering or affecting its basic operating characteristics one bit. To tell the truth, I did not design these social institutions as one job. They grew up naturally over a period of time as a normal outgrowth and corollary of the basic system of trade and commerce underneath.

In the very beginning of social life men had come together in groups for the purpose of multiplying their strength against the opposing forces of their environment and thus obtaining individual security more effectively. This is the original reason for the formation of tribes and communities of people. One might put it this way: The paramount concern of the social state is supposed to be the general welfare of the human components involved. How I subverted social life from its paramount purpose is a story in itself. It runs concurrently with the gradual development of my operating tools for production and exchange of goods and services. For the superimposed social institutions are but a reflection of the fundamental means whereby men live.

Briefly, those who learned how to chisel according to the opportunities provided within the framework of my system became a ruling oligarchy. All men, of course, could not do so but only a minority. For, where there are exploiters, there must be some one and something for them to exploit. In any event, while Natural Scarcity prevailed, which was the case for many thousands of years and is still so in most of the world, there never was enough to go around and provide every one with what he needed. So, if that part of the physical wealth which went to the ruling oligarchs had been divided among the great mass of people, it wouldn't have made much difference.

All throughout history my system has been operated and controlled by three oligarchies. First, came the oligarchy of organized Government to maintain my law and order. Next came the oligarchy of the priesthood and medicine men who preached submission to my system and reward after death. Last came the oligarchy of the entrepreneurs who operated my system of trade and commerce. These

three have alternately either controlled sparately or worked together in all countries. I have named them Ecclesiasticism, Private Enterprise and the Political State. Their role today is the same as it has always been. Organized government is necessary under any social system. Since the first concern of any government is to maintain itself, mine is no different from what any other form of government would be in that respect. It protects its own, *i.e.*, the *Private System* of production and exchange. Private Enterprise functions to exploit the natural resources of the land and the human components thereof for all the profit the traffic will bear. It is easy to see how the interests of my three oligarchies tie in together.

Such Stuff As Dreams Are Made Of

The last factor which adds to the strength of my system and its resistance to change is the set of sugar-coated Abstract Concepts that has been woven into it by my philosophers and historians. I conjured these empty ideas out of nothing. The proclivity of men to become enamored of visionary conceptions is truly amazing. Abstract concepts are composed of symbols in the minds of men which are *not* reflections of real things in the physical world about him. For example, the mental symbol 'horse' represents something real in the physical world, that is, 1500 pounds of flesh and bones on the hoof. Thus, it is a Real Concept. To prove it, you can perform an operation to demonstrate its reality. You can describe a horse with words, *i.e.*, other symbols, and then go out in the physical world, find a horse and show where your verbal description fits the real thing. If every single real thing in the physical world had its symbol in the minds of men, there would be an even number of symbols and things and no more. All mental symbols would be Real Concepts. Such is not the case, however; the minds of men in addition to being able to contain Real Concepts can also entertain an apparently limitless number of empty symbols which represent nothing in the physical world.

This fact is one of the main props of my system. Over a period of time my philosophers, and more lately that frustrated breed of psychotic complexes called the Liberal, have invented thousands of Abstract Concepts to intrigue the minds of men. Among these are Liberty, Freedom, Equality, Fraternity, Justice, Natural Rights and Survival of The Fittest, Right, Wrong, Morals, Ethics, Sin and so on. Try to perform an operation to prove the existence of any of these concepts in the physical world of reality and see how far you get.

I am not afraid of these Abstract Concepts because, not being physical entities, they can be and are clothed in ever shifting defin-

tions and can never be united on any common basis of agreement. They can never harm my system and they're very useful. The intensity of their hold upon the minds of men is so great, however, that they will face blazing machine guns in defense of them even though they don't exist. Whether men will go as far in the furtherance of Real Concepts remains to be seen. Abstract Concepts help to conceal the real nature of my system. They keep men busy ever seeking to attain that which is unattainable. If you will analyze my system closely, you will see that in its physical operations to produce goods and services, it conforms to some physical laws. But in its exchange of this physical wealth, it ignores physical laws and the control is carried on by methods devised out of Abstract Concepts, or nothing. No wonder it jams up every so often.

As long as Scarcity lasts, my system can operate. But when Abundance enters the picture, Scarcity and Values both disappear and all the Abstract Concepts of my system will shrink back into the nothing from whence they came. When this occurs, Real Concepts will enter the picture and then men will discover for the first time what I have known all along. That is, that the benefits they have been seeking for ages in Abstract Concepts never did reside there at all but always were waiting to be found in Real Concepts derived directly from the physical world around them.

Abundance Haunts Me

Of all the Real Concepts there are, the one called Abundance for Everyone makes me shiver every time I hear it. Those words contain my death warrant. As I look back now, I can see that my troubles began in 1782 A.D. when the first double-acting steam engine was developed. Oh! If I had only known then what I know now. I would have been absolutely ruthless in the eradication of Science and all thoughts concerning Science. For I was just then enjoying the tail end of a thousand year moratorium on change. My triple oligarchy, Ecclesiasticism, Private Enterprise and the Political State had installed and maintained this glorious period in my name. Historians call it the Dark Ages, but to me it was the Golden Age of the Price System. There were no upsetting thoughts about Abundance For Everyone then. Men were content to work away from sun to sun for the greater glory and profit of their masters, assured of suitable rewards hereafter. The few heretics who dissented from my system were quickly taken care of in medieval torture chambers and at the stake. Long success had made me lax and I had forgotten that underneath the superimposed social structure, hoary with folklore and ancient traditions, Scientific Knowledge was increasing.

In the Ancient World, Scientific Knowledge had gotten off to a respectable start in Greece and at Alexandria. But the legions of Rome and the fanatical followers of Mohammed soon had the situation well in hand. Then I froze the status quo for a thousand years. It seemed good enough to last forever. Men, however, were discovering physical laws and learning how to apply them. Apparently even my *Price System* can't stop men from thinking and experimenting.

I Am Outflanked

By the time the 18th Century rolled around, this growing body of knowledge had spawned the witches' brew of Science, the Scientific Method and the Scientific Attitude. Inventions were made and existing knowledge of physical laws applied therein. Machinery came into being, crude and cumbersome, but more efficient than my age-old methods of Human Toil and Hand Tools had been. Some unknown enemy of mine discovered that any motion that is repetitive can be performed better by machinery than by human hands. Then the factory system of production was born and my arch enemy Technology entered the picture.

Coincident with these developments came a greatly increased use of power derived from sources outside the human body such as coal, oil, gas, wind and falling water to turn the factory wheels. Without this latter development, Technology would not have attained its present estate. Though, of course, Technology and Extraneous Energy are more or less the same thing, like identical twins. The conversion of Extraneous Energy to use it for power was new and revolutionary. All throughout my long history, the only source of power available had been the human body supplemented by crude windmills and the power of work animals. So, the only way to produce more was to employ more men or work longer hours. The average power of a human body is one-tenth that of an average horse. In 1782 the first double-acting steam engine developed many times the power of one horse. So the industrial revolution began and I, poor fool, welcomed all this.

Had I foreseen the ultimate results of the impact of Technology and Energy upon my *Price System*, I would have put a stop to it in its early stages. Now it's too late. Science has grown to gargantuan proportions and men have become dependent upon the machines they have created. The best I can hope for now is to revert to some intermediate stage of development and freeze my system there. In fact, I have been staging a powerful attempt in that direction lately in Europe and Asia. I call it Fascism. It's my only hope. There

is no one to blame for my present predicament except myself. I have been a partner to my own downfall. Of all the heretics, liberals and radicals spawned by every protest movement in history, none has given me such cause to worry as my own stupidity. The operating devices which worked so well for so long don't seem to work so well these days. This has been more true in North America than in the rest of the world. Here, Technology and Energy have advanced further than anywhere else.

I Go On A Long Spree

In the beginning of the Industrial Revolution, I enjoyed expansion, such as had never happened to my system before. I spread into the furthest corners of the earth. I modernized my operating characteristics and added refinements unknown in the simpler Agrarian-Handicraft stages of the past. Any Debt Merchant or Economist can reel off the list for you. They study the pathology of my operating devices (which you will remember were conjured out of nothing) without ever inquiring into their essential nature. That is because these gentry are well chosen for lack of perspicacity. But at least they are familiar with the new nomenclature. When expansion began I saw at once that Private Enterprise needed a few more Abstract Concepts to assist it. So I conjured up the following: Live and Let Live, Competition Is The Life of Trade, Individual Initiative, Plan of Plenty, Rugged Individualism, Niggardliness of Nature, Law of Diminishing Returns, Business Responsibility and Free Enterprise. They sound beautiful and have functioned well, but I can assure you they are as hollow as a puff ball.

When the Political State saw Private Enterprise expanding into Corporate Enterprise, it too had to modernize. So I added a set of Abstract Concepts to it also, such as: Political Democracy, The Voice of the People is the Voice of God, Government of Laws and Not of Men, Equality Before the Law, Freedom of the Press, Freedom from Want, Freedom from Fear, and so on. Any politician can reel off the list for you. They're always spouting about these Abstract Concepts. If you study history closely, you will find that these latter day Abstract Concepts came in with the Industrial Revolution. They are now part and parcel of my operating characteristics. If you will examine them carefully you will see that they cannot be worn as clothes to keep out the cold nor eaten for food to nourish the body. They are in all respects negotiable the same as Money, and can be and are bought, sold and traded in on the open market.

Malthusianism Outwitted

One of the first effects of the Industrial Revolution was an upsurge in population. It was possible with the new power and Technology to produce more commodities. Thus, it was possible for a larger number of men to live. This trend has continued. For the first hundred years or so of the new order, it didn't matter. Industry was expanding and the birth rate of new jobs was always greater than the death rate of old jobs eliminated by the advance of Technology. If I succeed in reverting to a lower stage of industrial development and freeze social change, it means that the population will also have to be decreased to the number that can be supported by a less advanced stage of production.

In one country, Russia, composing one-sixth of the world's land area, two members of my triple oligarchy were kicked unceremoniously out of the picture by a political revolution in 1917 A.D. These were Private Enterprise and Ecclesiasticism. However, the Political State took over their functions and I still operate the same old way there. My stage of development there can be defined as State Capitalism. It functions the same except that Private Enterprise has become State Enterprise and Ecclesiasticism has been emasculated to a great extent. However, the Technology of Russia is growing rapidly and I fear the worst.

Most of the world is still in the first or second stages of the Industrial Revolution, and it shouldn't be too hard to retard social change there. These backward nations do not possess enough natural resources to develop much further. I, the *Price System*, can still operate according to the old formula there. Perhaps a federation of some nations based upon the location of natural resources could arise. That would make conditions uncomfortable for me. The Political State in every country, however, is prepared with a powerful Abstract Concept called Nationalism to oppose any change. The juju of my Abstract Concepts is potent, even if they themselves are not real.

Look Down That Lonesome Road

As I survey the world today, I find one Continent where I am in extreme danger of liquidating myself in the very near future. I am not one to cast blame for my failures upon others. No political ideologies or economic utopian nostrums can alter the basic operating characteristics of my system one bit. Their proponents make good scapegoats but my real enemy is the fact I, the *Price System*, cannot adjust myself today in America to the impact of Technology and Energy.

In the past when things got tough for me in any country, I could always start a war and channelize social change into homicidal conflict. In the past 3500 years, I have had one or more countries at war for all but 330 years of that time. Corporate Enterprise, particularly benefits greatly in time of war. Prices rise, business booms and profits mount higher. The Political State too has an opportunity to expand its powers and prerogatives. Ecclesiasticism, of course, functions on both sides in every war. As a general rule, the same can be said for Corporate Enterprise in these days of International Bankers, Cartel Agreements and World Commerce. Technology, however, has made war too expensive for me. Not that I mind the killing, but the financial problems are a headache. Worst of all, modern wars are waged with the tools of Technology and (woe is me) the tools of Technology are the tools of social change.

In America, today, the more Technology and Energy that is introduced, the more insoluble my problem becomes. It seems that they function everywhere to defeat my purpose to maintain Scarcity and Values. They increase Profits but make it ever more and more difficult to reinvest Profits. They raise the Debt too high and lower the Interest Rate too low. They increase production and decrease employment. They cut down Purchasing Power and raise up a whole host of new social problems that never existed before. They flood the land with Goods and Services, but dry up the free flow of Medium of Exchange. They close the door on Scarcity, but open it for Abundance For Everyone, thus seriously threatening to destroy Values. All this, in spite of my best efforts at Monopoly Control, Restricted Production, High Prices, Shoddy Goods, Buried Patents, Cartel Agreements and Financial and Political Interference. Moreover, the struggle for survival of Private Enterprise makes compulsory the installation of ever more Technology and/or Extraneous Energy.

If A Balloon Goes Up Too High

No matter which way I turn, in America, there is an impasse. The task of creating new Debt in the face of its rapid liquidation and the expense of new Technology becomes ever more and more unbearable. About 1932 Corporate Enterprise gave up the struggle to create New Debt and passed that responsibility over to the Political States. This Lieutenant of mine, as strong as he is now, barely staggers along under the growing load. Perhaps I can solve that one particular problem at least. Debt, if you remember, is created out of nothing. It can also be dissolved back into nothing. I pulled that stunt once before in Germany. It's called Inflation.

Political State increases the amount of Money in circulation until it becomes dirt cheap. When the total amount of Money becomes many times greater than the total Debt, the relative position of Debt is reversed compared to what it was before. It is then small in comparison to Money. So the Debtor takes this Legal Money to his Creditor and pays off his Legal Debts at a fraction of their former worth. It's a legal swindle, but so what? How about I Promise to Pay, you ask? Well, I told you, it was conjured out of nothing, didn't I? Under Inflation, Private Enterprise performs hari-kiri, for the good of all and then I start all over again with a brand new Private Enterprise.

That won't solve my entire problem in America though. This Continent possesses 78 percent of the world's installed horsepower of machinery, 73 percent of the world's graduate engineers (those damnable brats of Science who are forever designing new Technology), 19 percent of the world's land area, the largest body of technicians and skilled personnel on earth, the lion's share of the world's natural resources and only 10 percent of the world's population. All this adds up to trouble for my System, the *Price System*, of production and exchange of commodities. The installation of ever more and efficient Technology in America, which has been accelerated by World War II, makes Scarcity ever harder to maintain and tends to dry up the free flow of Medium of Exchange. If you remember, these are the cornerstones of my system. As more and more efficient Technological Mechanisms are introduced, man-hours per unit of Production are constantly driven lower. This spells disemployment of labor and decline of total Purchasing Power. The less Purchasing Power, the less Production. The less Production the less Purchasing Power.

I Have To Expand Or Contract

So it becomes necessary to create ever more New Debt to pay for the installation of still more efficient mechanisms to cut the costs of Production and grab a share of the dwindling market. The new mechanisms, however, pay off the Debt so fast that I'm left holding the bag every time. Reinvestment in new industry becomes ever more necessary and ever more difficult.

The birth rate of new jobs created by Technology has long since dropped below the death rate of old jobs destroyed by the same cause. From 1860 to 1914 in America, my Debt expanded at a compound Interest Rate of 5 percent annually. But physical Production expanded at a compound interest rate of 6 percent annually. The

Debt was always healthy. Since 1914 the reverse has been the case. Physical Production has risen to a peak and leveled off but Debt is going straight into the high heavens. Since 1932 when Private Enterprise dumped its Debt-creating prerogative onto Political State, the curve of industrial Production has been following the curve of Government spending like a hound dog follows a coon. As I said, it's not a problem of finances; it's a problem of how to maintain physical Production at a high level so as to maintain Purchasing Power and thus maintain the free flow of Medium of Exchange. If I allow physical Production to be maintained at a high level, I destroy Scarcity and if I don't, I dry up the flow of Medium of Exchange. Oh, riddle of riddles! How can it be done? If I inflate the Money, I may destroy all of the little remaining confidence in me and thus seal my own death warrant. I got away with it in Germany only because that country was less advanced industrially and could recover rapidly and resume expanding under my methods.

In America, the problem of Production is solved. The Technology is installed and can do the job of distribution of Abundance For Everyone whenever my interference controls are removed. My problem is to stall this off as long as possible; and to devise ways and means to freeze social change on a low level. I don't care if it does involve killing off 50 to 75 percent of the population of America. What is that compared to my beloved Oligarchies, Private Enterprise, and the Political State!

The End Justifies The Means

Since I was conceived in Scarcity and dedicated to Waste I am utterly without scruples. I know very well that the prosperity I am enjoying now while America is engaged in the most fateful war of her history is only transitory. I know that it has been bought at the terrific risk of installing a greatly expanded Technology. I know that when the war is over I will be faced with problems such as I never had to contend with before. I know that scientists and engineers have been analyzing my operating characteristics and have pointed out every flaw. I know too that a more efficient social system has been designed which will distribute Abundance and Security To Everyone. But even though I know the handwriting is on the wall I have not lost hope. My collapse, and the victory of Technology, is *not* inevitable.

If I cannot rule I can always ruin. If I go down I may be able to arrange things so as to carry all civilization in America with me. But even if Chaos results I will not disappear. Out of that Chaos I

will then arise again like Phoenix from its own ashes. For I have been with you a long time and I have learned many tricks. History records the disappearance of eight different civilizations of the past. The causes are obscured in the mists of antiquity. But history has never yet written the record of one single collapse of my system of trade and commerce, *The Price System*. There is only one thing that can liquidate me permanently. That is the replacement of my *Price System* methods of control devised out of visionary conceptions by Technological methods of control devised out of the reality of physical laws. But it has never been done before and due to the nature of Technology it must be accomplished peacefully. How difficult this is going to be a glance at my record will reveal. I loathe Peace. As I look into the immediate future I can gather strength from the realization that I am not alone. I have many able allies who work unceasingly in my interests. Some of them have been with me a long time.

History Speaks Highly of Me

I am the Neolithic man who bartered pretty sea shells and rare stones for food and drink and a place by the fire. I am the tribal medicine man who charged a fee for exorcizing the devils. I am the slaves of Egypt who built the pyramids; and the Pharaohs who were buried there many centuries before my system expanded into Europe. I am the oligarchy of Athens who poisoned Socrates. I am Judas who betrayed Christ; and the Pharisees who crucified him. I am the legions of Rome who conquered Greece; and the fanatics of Mohammed who burned the library at Alexandria. I am the Inquisition that persecuted Galileo; and burned Bruno at the stake. I am the radicals of Paris who beheaded Lavoisier: 'The revolution has no need of chemists.' How true from my point of view. I am the mob that shot Elijah Lovejoy; and the Political State that hanged John Brown. I am the brass hats who framed and convicted Billy Mitchell. I am the Capital Investment of the aviation industry which is holding back the adoption of the Flying Wing type of super-bomber in this hour of America's need.

My Upholders Are Legion

I am the esthetes who revel in the delicacies of life that are beyond the reach of the great majority. I am the privileged few who are free to enjoy the fresh air and sunshine, the green meadows, streams and mountains of America. I am all the pot-bellied beneficiaries of my system, whether in broadcloth or overalls. I am also the stolid,

patient, underfed worker; and the fat dowager who eats too much and talks too much. I am the miseducated, smart fool who knows all the wrong answers. I am the white collar snobs, the vice-Presidents and Honorable stooges who snub those in more plebian walks of life; and the peasant psychology of the underdog who looks up to Society instead of around at it. I am the myriad of non-producing personnel in all industries who thrive on the institutionalized red tape of my system.

I am the grand mansions on the Avenue where they will try anything once; and I am the bleak, filthy slums where minds and bodies are dulled by incessant poverty. I am the Park Avenue playboy; and the procurer who hangs around taverns. Their methods differ in degree but not in kind. I am the mink coats of the night clubs. 'You can smell them as they go by,' I am all the 'Nice' kind Christian people of America. How they love to be discreetly dishabille, but not *enceinte*; and how their hearts can bleed for the poverty stricken children of India, China and all other points 12,000 miles away. I have been spawning them for four generations and today they are 'Nicer' than ever. I am the Banker (Debt Merchant) who never knew anything about his own commodity except how to take a dollar and lend it out at 6 percent interest.

I am the housewife in a constant dither to keep up with the Jones'. I am that monstrous anachronism the father and mother who enslave their beloved children to their own narrow horizons in the 'sacred' name of parenthood. I am the church bells ringing on Sunday morning; and the smug ecclesiastic who rationalizes fear of the unknown into reward after death. My voice is heard plainly in schools and colleges throughout the land; and I am the school teacher who 'cannot lead a normal life unless he, or she, goes to another town under an assumed name.' I am the professors of Liberal Arts and The Humanities; the smooth sophistries of the philosophers; the crackpot dreams of the Utopians; and the poisonous acid of class warfare.

Divide and Conquer.

I am the shivering newsboy on the corner peddling his daily trash; the writer who composes it; the editor who polishes it up; the publisher who puts it out; the advertiser who pays for it and censors it; and the dumb sap who believes what he reads in the papers. I am the hard-headed tycoon of industry who imagines his club of economic insecurity is executive ability; and I am the Caspar Milquetoast who is afraid to think out loud. I am the law at the end of the policeman's nightstick; the politician who tells him how far he can go in

enforcing the law; I am the hired gunman and thug; and the stool-pigeon who puts the finger on my scapegoats. I am also the clever lawyer who inveigles Justice over to the side with the most Money.

I am all the minority pressure groups seeking preferential advantages at the expense of other minority groups; and I am the peoples' representative who caters to these groups. I am the cash-register concept of social values of the smart business man; and the class hatred of the ideologists of dialectic materialism. I am the engineer and scientist who is more interested in personal gain than in social results. I am all the commercial escapisms of modern society, from the moronic movies to the equally moronic but \$30,000,000 a year comic strip industry. I am the millions of adults and children in this country who cannot even read and write. I am the incalculable inertia of the great mass who never do anything about anything unless they are driven to it.

I am the social system and institutions designed to fit the Agrarian-Handicraft cultures of other lands, imported from across the ocean and superimposed upon the Great Technology of America. I am the folklore and hoary traditions of 7000 years of human toil, hand tools and Scarcity. I am the 'common sense' of the ignorant crowd; and all the superstitions of the unknown. I am every chiseler looking for a sucker; and every sucker who would like to be a chiseler. I am everyman everywhere with a hamburger sandwich psychology of living standards, in the richest Continent on earth. I am all those who know better but do nothing about it.

I am *YOU* who are reading this article. What have you ever done that conflicts with my interests? With such able allies it will not be easy for Technology to effect my collapse.

'I AM THE PRICE SYSTEM.'

THE CULTURE OF ABUNDANCE

By E. Merrill Root

Editor's Note: 'Technocracy' presents 'The Culture of Abundance,' an article specially written for it by E. Merrill Root, who is not a member of Technocracy Inc. but is already known as a contributor to the literature on Technocracy. In a few short years Technocracy has affected the thought processes of millions of people. That this has extended to the realm of art and the subjective is clearly portrayed by Mr. Root's skillful presentation; what it will yet do in this field is told in the article for the information of our readers. The culture of the past has been the culture of toil, poverty, starvation and misery. The culture of tomorrow must be something new, and its general form will be laid down by the pattern of technology on this Continent. Our art, our philosophy, our literature must be a reflection of the technology and the abundance of the New America.

TECHNOCRACY proves in theory what in practice it will provide—abundance. It points to the great four-lane highway into the future, which man has constructed but which he refuses to use, and says: 'Why do you bump over detours of depression and debt and political revolution and fascism and war, when you might drive the supercharged car of Technocracy into the future that is already here? See, the road is built!'

If humanity is not merely to endure in retrogression but to continue in living growth, that question must be answered by obeying it. And it will be obeyed. Human need is a passenger that will not consent forever to be jolted into deeper ruts and muddier by-ways: the driver will have to relinquish the wheel if he refuses, through ignorance or design, to take the obvious road. Abundance is here; the mastery of abundance must come.

But that is not my concern now. I take present abundance for granted and future mastery of abundance for granted, and turn to a question that as yet has scarcely been asked and certainly never answered: *What will be the culture of abundance?*

2.

The great mistake of the culture which we now call 'modern' is that it looks backward toward death and not forward toward birth. It regards the present as a *Finis* at the end of a book; it does not realize that the present is simply the notes for the first chapter of a book that is about to be written.

The mistake of Oswald Spengler is characteristic. Spengler was one of the few philosophers of the transition which he picturesquely called the decline of the West. His observation and even insight—considered as *poetic realization of what he saw*—is powerful: his description of megalopolitan man and the dry sterility of his sand-heap culture explains much, from Ezra Pound to the *New York Times*. But he shared the confusions which the modern mind forever draws from its premises; he was not imaginative or vital enough to understand the difference between the stage of technology and any previous human stage. He talked of it as another 'winter', perhaps so profound as to be the last. The true analogy, however, was that it initiated a *new geologic era*. It is the end of a mesozoic age—so that the very nature of spring, summer, autumn, and winter will be forever changed. It is not merely the end of the old, but *the beginning of a different kind of new*.

The first principle of the new culture, then, is this: *the present is not an end but an origin*.

Thus whoever talks of death and futility and the end does not belong to the new culture—though conceivably he might prepare for the new culture by the destruction of the old. (A time comes, however,—*and it has arrived*,—when destruction of the old can by its lethal emphasis become prevention of the new. Long ago I said that such a man as Mencken was the most reactionary force in America, drugging creative effort with the opium of futility . . . that reaction was triumphant behind castor oil in Italy and behind *Prejudices* in America.) Whoever concentrates on the casualties of the age of poverty and builds upon their ruins a mood of negation and despair does not belong to the new culture. (Such was Masters' activity as ouija-board for the unfortunate dead of Spoon River; such A. E. Robinson's celebration of waifs, and castaways, and drifting nonentities with a small satanic kink.) Whoever sees the worlds go 'like old

women gathering fuel in vacant lots', and seeks an escape from futility by a cerebral return to a ghost-religion, does not belong to the new culture. (Page T. S. Eliot.) Whoever in style and idea accepts poverty and *individual riches* as essential circumstances and motivations of human living, and sees humanity in terms of hunger and greed, does not belong to the new culture. (This is the central flaw in Theodore Dreiser's modelling of Titans out of putty.) Whoever writes human behavior down to its lowest terms of speech and character and mood, instead of expanding it toward its exuberant potentialities, does not belong to the new culture. (So Hemingway and Faulkner pull the polar-bear skin of toughness over their too tender hearts and growl horribly to prove that they are hard-boiled.) The present scene is cluttered by these ambulant ghosts: we seem culturally to be down among the dead men.

Undoubtedly in the decline of the geologic era that spawned the dinosaurs, if those solemn creatures of the slime had a literature it would have been futilitarian. The dinosaurs would have gone around like Mencken, declaring in their quaint Victorian fashion that life can do little to 'change the practical joking of God'; or declaiming like Eliot that they were the hollow dinosaurs, the stuffed dinosaurs; or proclaiming like Jeffers that they were the Buddha of ice and night. They would have returned to the dinosaurian equivalent of Anglo-Catholicism; or forgot their woes by calling everybody not on the subscription lists of the *Dinosaurian Mercury* a boob; or made sonorous propaganda for the Ice Age. But that is all gone now under the prehistoric ooze—all their *Prejudices*, and *Waste Swamps*, and *Roan Dinosaurs* . . . and life goes marching on in a new dimension and a new mood. Einstein and Eddington, Beethoven and Shakespeare and Blake, reach out for truths below red and beyond violet. The dinosaurs and their stupid culture of poverty are gone; even the culture of *man's* poverty is going: a different geologic era comes—the clock strikes—human history begins.

The new culture turns from the end toward the beginning: it is an origin. Thus psychologically it will be like the child who is the third stage in Nietzsche's great parable of the spirit. First came the conservative load-bearing camel, a beast of burden only; then came the fierce heretical lion, breaking decorums and taboos and winning lordship in its own wilderness of the *Nay*.

But last comes—and must come if we are to have the *new* culture—the stage of the child: 'Innocence is the child, and forgetfulness, a new beginning, a game, a self-rolling wheel, a first movement, a Holy Yea. Aye, for the game of creating, my brethren, there is needed a Holy Yea unto life: *its own will* willeth now the spirit.' The culture

of abundance will be, indeed alone *can* be, the age of the child. It will be 'a new beginning, a Holy Yea.'

The new era,—in accordance with the earth's mystical reciprocation of material and spiritual,—will both create and be created by a new culture. It will be both dynamo and symbol. Its mood will be based upon man's mastery of abundance; it will itself integrate and crown economic abundance with spiritual exuberance. It will free itself from the present tensions, in order that it may grow into a new intensity of life. It will cease to be self-conscious, and will become life-conscious. It will be the outward and audible expression of man's physical mastery of the world.

It will turn away from an emphasis on death, the end; it will turn toward birth and the beginning. It will cease to be the culture of night; it will be the culture of the sun.

3.

What will be the characteristic *style* of this culture of abundance, this culture of the sun?

Let us see this style as it has already begun, quietly and unnoticed, in the arts that deal with material things: in transportation, architecture, technology. We must look at these first, and away from art and philosophy, in order that eventually we may look at art and philosophy more wisely and creatively. Consider the new technology: airplanes, streamlined trains, automobiles; really modern factories (those with electric machinery), clean, noiseless, full of the power and the glory; hydro-electricity on a Continental scale; modern city planning, functional and air-conditioned buildings; the latest libraries and schools functional with sun and air; beautifully organized large-scale farms. In them, and not as yet in literature, will we find 'innocence . . . and forgetfulness . . . a game, a self-rolling wheel, a first movement, a Holy Yea.' They speak of an origin, whereas literature still speaks of an end. And what are their qualities of style?

Organic integrity and functional strength; the beauty of dynamic simplicity, serving life in lines of power! In them, nothing is *purposely* hidden, nothing is artificially involved, nothing is tortured on the one hand into rococco decoration or on the other into esoteric obscurity: everything is direct, dynamic, lean yet supple. Looking at these things one has a strange sense not of a return to nature, but of a *unity with nature raised to a new tension*. In the presence of a stream-lined train one feels the same lift of the spirit that the great Blake felt when he looked at a tiger: the 'fearful symmetry' is the same; both are a portent of nature that carries us beyond nature. The rippled night of Kipling's black panther, Baghera, is the best symbol

for the latest creations of technology. Man has here *become one with* the functional beauty of nature. (Thus nature balances the tree in proportion of leaf and trunk and root; thus nature fashions the bird for the air and the jaguar for the jungle.) Emerson spoke long ago of things in America 'That will be sung . . . that will sing themselves.' Here they are! A beautiful clear hard strength, an integrity of ends and means, a clear value so vitally implicit that it becomes explicit and also an image and symbol of deeper meanings: such is the style of the emerging technology. If you look at an oldtime locomotive—squat, awkward, absurd with its tall mushroom-topped smoke-stack and its air-bumping lines and ill-balanced weight, you hardly know what value or meaning is meant to be incarnated there: the word has not become substance. But if you look at a modern locomotive you know the meaning at once; you say, without any enigma of thought, *speed*. The value is so implicit as to be explicit: the locomotive is symbol and image; it is a work of art. You know its value as you know the meaning of tiger or butterfly, by living intuition of perfectly incarnated significance.

(Compare with this direct functional beauty and value, the supposed 'moderns' of the cult of incoherence. Set beside an air-cooled, beautifully functional building, such a Eusapia Palladino of literary table-rapping as Gertrude Stein. Modern life moves toward simple clarity, toward dynamic strength, toward communication of value and meaning; she says good-bye to all that and makes a glory of confusion. Her literary estoplasm is a reaction from all that is vital in the new age: it is a return to ghosts. Or compare the later James Joyce, hiding his own confusion under the fog of Esquimaux and God knows what—with the lean hard beauty of a great dam storing up life and power for humanity. What have all his mouthfuls of fog got to do with the age of abundance?)

Style is the man: style is the culture. Lucid and dynamic, functional in the life of the world in order that power mastered may permit economic abundance and spiritual exuberance, the new culture will have the 'fearful symmetry' of nature's energy enhanced by the intellect of man. It will have the style of the turbine that in lucid power quietly pours over the city's night its abundance of exuberant stars.

4.

And what will be the central mood that is the psychological premise of this style?

The mood of mastery! It will be chastened and realistic, yet a mood of mastery. There will be in it none of the nineteenth century's

foolish bravado of optimist; none of Swinburne's facile 'Glory to Man in the highest, for Man is the master of things.' There will be no trust in evolution as a cosmic escalator; none of yesterday's glib *assurance of progress*. The technologist knows better than Mr. Mencken the 'practical joking' of flood, earthquake, drought, famine, pestilence, cyclone and sun; he knows better than Mr. Mencken the pathos of human stupidity. But also the technologist does not succumb to the old Greek superstition (natural to a culture based only on man-power) of 'Fate' and 'stealthy Nemesis.' Man *can* change 'the practical joking of God' . . . as Mr. Mencken ought to have known if he employed a razor to shave off the whiskers that *Quarterly* reviewers *used to* wear. Man finds the world not only malleable, but strangely co-operative: 'Seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you,' is not merely good religion, it is good technology. It can move not only mountains; it can refashion a Continent.

The assurance of possible mastery will transform the central mood of literature. All modern iteration of the fixed futility of man; the resolutely opened mouth and the resolutely folded hands; the sense that life is a birthday candle lighting *Vanity Fair* . . . will seem what they are—fashionable nonsense. Man will not expect everything; but he will certainly not (like the 'moderns') expect nothing. He will transcend the equal illusions of our soft hope of yesterday and our hard despair of today, in the synthesis of candid intellect and creative energy.

This hard creative faith will end the soft sentimental illusions of a Mencken describing man as 'A sick fly sitting on a fly-wheel.' It will be merely bored by the iteration of impotent modern men that modern men are impotent. It will say: 'An end to all these Little Boy Blues blowing their saxaphones in the Waste Land!' The men of the new culture, turning earth into a garden and a workshop, will not have any time for or any interest in these futilitarians. Will the pathological vicarious suicide of an expatriate fugitive to the parlors of London—

*'We are the hollow men,
We are the stuffed men'*

mean anything to the technologist of a new world? The driver of a streamlined train, splitting the sunlight at ninety miles an hour; the builders of the hydrology of a Continent; the organizers of great mass farms that feed vast populations with ease as from some cosmos of ordered meauty . . . will hardly feel 'hollow' or 'stuffed'. Hollow men and stuffed men will go to historical museums where they belong—curiosities like bed-warmers and black mittens.

The new culture of Technocratic man will be full of the mood of mastery. It will say with Blake:

*'If the sun and moon should doubt
They'd immediately go out.'*

It will say with Whitman: 'I am large: I contain multitudes.' It will say with Thoreau: 'There is more day to dawn. The sun is but a morning star.' It will be haughty to the sun, and refer to the earth affectionately as 'Old top-knot.'

Man will be humbly proud, vitally hard, superbly realistic, coolly powerful; and his culture will speak his soul. The old culture is the wail of the impotent; the new culture will be the poetry of the potent.

5.

Therefore in spirit and content the new culture will be spacious and free. Having at last lifted itself out of the tensions of economic poverty, it will stand above the old battle with brute earth; it will transcend the crude motivations of hunger and money; it will set man's mind free for the true destiny of spirit.

In an age of poverty, men are necessarily 'practical'; in the transitional era when production is abundant and distribution is poor, men are—not necessarily, but morbidly—resolved to emphasize and demand the 'practical'; but in a true age of abundance, men will *be* practical and so they will not have to insist on it. Being actually practical, they can at least be poetic.

For what is the essence of the poetic mind?—That it seeks in experience not a means to a further end, but *realization!* Max Eastman in his superb book on the psychological nature of poetry, makes this forever lucid: the practical mind sees a road as an instrument of the journey; the poetic mind sees the road itself and the experience of the journey.

Now while man struggled with economic need, or with the winning of the abundance which he had created but which was kept from him, naturally he would make his culture utilitarian—the means to an end. He would not enlist his energies in the true life of art: *the realization of life.* Artists would occur as freaks and accidents; they would be ignored as non-functional, or opposed as nuisances and threats in the struggle for existence. The way of all flesh would so engross the interest of man that there would be little interest or energy for the way of all spirit.

Man would naturally develop a culture that would move in the direction of prose; his prose would move naturally in the direction of naturalism and realism; his naturalism would move naturally in the direction of satire and debunking, or journalism, or savage expression of the worst, or sociological amelioration, or propaganda

(whether for the *status quo* or the *flux quo*.) Literature would be largely pathological or largely medicinal—either an expression of the headache of the day-after catastrophe, or medicinal propaganda to remove the headache. There would be little pure poetry, few poets, and no 'great audiences' which Whitman rightly said are the conditions of great poets. Poets would be lonely adventurers forever in peril when they were not in obscurity. Men would ignore or hate the thing that poets in the widest sense come to create: *The celebration of Life itself*.

But the age of abundance, being itself practical, will transcend the 'practical'. It will, having set us free from the horrible minor problem of making a living, put us at last face to face with the spiritual and major need of making a life. Hunger and money, the petty dynamics of time, will cease to motivate: we shall have to find the dynamic of eternity. And that will give us new interest in artists like Shakespeare and Blake and Whitman and Villon and Thoreau and Melville and Rembrandt and Van Gogh and Beethoven. It will give us an interest in going beyond them into a new dimension of the spirit. It will be the intense discovery of the intense adventures of life.

Thus the culture of abundance will mean the return of poetry. (Not of *verse* alone. I use the word poetry in the largest sense, to include the truth of the widest art—music, painting, sculpture, creative prose. *Jean Christophe* or *The Forty Days of Musa Dagh*, Thoreau's *Journals*, Van Gogh's *Sun-flowers*: these are all poetry in the width of verity.)

In an integral economy, we shall be able to transfer much more spiritual enthusiasm to art. We shall have time—and need—to celebrate life in itself. We shall—and here Spengler's idea of 'winter' fails to apply to the culture of technology—*break the patterns of modern megalopolitan and cerebral man under an up-surge of love, of joy, of life*. We shall love life again, and enter upon the renaissance of wonder.

Life again will be, in the noble sense, *play*. For the culture of abundance can be at last spontaneous—'a self-rolling wheel.' All the old elemental interests—nature, love, curiosity, the dancing of the mind—will not end, but rather begin on a new plane and with a new mood. They will all be reborn; they will all be as new as earth to a man suddenly born at the age of thirty; they will all demand restatement, re-celebration, in terms of higher scope and voltage. They will no longer be merely candles dimly and fitfully and frailly beautiful, but electricity, lighting man's world with white miracle.

We shall not, for example, scorn Nature: we shall at last be able to love Nature now that she is not our taskmaster but our comrade, not our step-mother but our bride. The man with the hoe could not

really love Corot's dream-trees; nor Keats the beechen green and shadows numberless in all their Eden-beauty while the hungry generations trod him down. The leaves of grass, the pines around a new Walden, the Andes or the hills north of Boston, the Atlantic arm of Cape Cod where the breakers dig holes big enough to bury a horse, the pussywillows like little snowy mice or the waterlilies drifting like suns in cups of snow . . . these will be beautiful indeed to the men of the new age—who at last will have time to look at them. Transcending the drag of Nature, we shall be able finally to see the dream of Nature.

Love, too, must be celebrated in the culture of abundance. The foolish Russians dismiss love as a 'bourgeois sentimentality,' a dismissal which is certainly a proletarian stupidity. But love will be reborn as a dynamic, a motivation, a victory; in life, it will become richly possible—demanding in life and in art a new finesse, a new scope, a new depth. Love in the life of abundance will be one of the fine arts. And certainly culture, celebrating and realizing love, will make it a thing of spiritual play, of exuberant ecstasy and noble anguish Love—of course with new technique and variety—will again become all that it was to Shakespeare: *the central drama of personal life*. Lovers' tongues will sound even sweeter by night than they did in old Verona where Juliet's bounty was as boundless as the sea. We shall know, as Keats inadequately and tragically longed to know, the 'white, million-pleasured breast' of love. The culture of abundance will not say but realize the truth: *Love is a deed*.

Everywhere in the culture of abundance we shall develop what John Cowper Powys calls the "ichthyosaurusego", and delight as he does in the rich sensuous experience of living. We shall do what Thoreau did with the leisure he won by doing without (only we shall win it by *doing with*)—make life an adventure and a poem, full of the wine as well as the bread of the sacrament. We shall loaf in the sun like Whitman; delight in existence like Huckleberry Finn drinking in sun or starlight through his naked hide; love the 'innumerable stains and splendid dyes' as Keats did. We shall expand into exuberance and play; we shall love color, imagery, humor, 'Dance, and Provencal song, and sunburnt mirth.' We shall have plenty of the daily bread; therefore we shall seek the power and the glory. Integral like the lilies in our economy, we shall clothe our lives like Solomon exuberant in the rainbow.

In the culture of abundance, philosophy too will be at last possible. Man's mind will be free from the petty enigmas and the utilitarian tactics of time; it can confront eternity. The three dimensions will be our servants; we can explore the fourth dimension. And we shall

have a new technique of mind, too: we shall give the realm of means and ends to the technicians; we shall take the realm of direct experience of living reality for the new artist-philosophers. Our energy will be free for intense direct realization. We shall, like the artist, the mystic, the lover, synthesize intellect and being. We shall enter life directly; we shall not 'think about', but know. Man's mind hungering (as Nietzsche phrased it) like the lion for his prey, will strike that elusive game down and drink the hot blood of truth.

And finally, the essential and whole spirit of the age of abundance will make culture fluid and free. Functional and experimental in style, masterful in mood, playful and free in spirit, revitalizing old reality with a new height of being, the culture of abundance will break all patterns of mechanization. The machine, then man's servant, will no longer be man's god. We shall see machines for what they are—an instrument and a means; we shall not any more regard them as an end or a creator. Mechanism will be less persuasive as a creed in philosophy and art. Mechanization will be less possible, for man's vitality, man's dynamic of joy, will be greater than ever before, and will flood all static and sterile patterns with the crimson energy of the spontaneous blood.

The age of poverty was like a tree planted in sandy soil that must use all its energy or most of its energy simply to grow at all. The age of abundance will be like a tree planted in rich soil, that can grow without strain and can bourgeon freely into beauty of flower and splendor of fruit.

Thus the culture of abundance will be the culture of a *fourth dimension*.

Having mastered the riddle of how to make a living, man will face the adventure of making a life. He will rise from the three dimensions of practicality and time, into a fourth dimension of creative being. He will master the way of all flesh; he will be ready at last for the way of all spirit.

Long ago the first Columbus discovered our physical America. Now the work of that Columbus nears final completion—we are creating and building the physical America whose outline and potentiality he discovered. And when the great work is, by Technocracy, at last finished, then we shall be ready—as already we are impatient—for the Second Columbus, the Columbus, who shall create into discovery *the America of the mind*.

Shall we not, with Whitman, bid our daring souls to shake out more canvas, and to sail on, sail on, till we see the surf flashing white round the San Salvador of the new culture, and touch, ourselves, the second America?

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